

# THE ROUND-UP, The Most Thrilling Outdoor Show in the World

Thirty-five Round-Up Outlaws Constitute Hardest Bucking Horses on the Globe. Wild Steer Bulldogging is Sport for Men and Men Only.

There is no outdoor entertainment in the world there has been none and perhaps there will be none that can compare with that provided by the Pendleton Round-Up. This opinion is by no means a local one. It has been expressed by thousands many of whom, by virtue of much travel in quest of new sensations, are thoroughly competent to pass judgment.

Nowhere else than at a frontier show can there be seen so many thrilling events so much real daring, recklessness and death-defying spirit, so much of savage splendor and rascled grandeur and so much of the romance that is the charm of the old west. The Pendleton Round-Up, being without question the greatest show of its kind, judged from any standpoint whatever, it follows, then, that she can truthfully claim to present the world's greatest outdoor entertainment.

For the benefit of those distant readers who have never seen a Round-Up, a brief descriptive resume of the leading events on the annual program is here given.

**Cowboy's Bucking Contest.** In the whole world there is no contest more intensely exciting, with

of wild nature concentrated into one leaping, quivering bundle of galvanic energy. Like a flash, a thunder-bolt, he is up in the high dive, twisting, gyrating, side-winding, hitting the earth in a pounding smash only to leave it again instantly. He is the incarnation of wild deviltry, deceit, cunning and determination never to give up. Beautiful, lithe, supple and graceful, the outlaw and the cowboy represent all that remains of the once young, wild, vigorous, lovable old west.

**Outlaw Horses From Afar.** Thirty-five outlaws, the hardest riding, best bucking string in the world, are owned by the Round-Up, many like Long Tom with world-wide reputations. Here the bucking contest for the championship of the world and the world's championship gold and silver belt is thrown open to all cowboys, and 200 in chaps, spurs and sombreros ride it out. Straight up, slick and scratching from shoulder to cantle the cowboy stakes his reputation, his limbs and even his life in the 20 seconds of the cyclonic upheaval of the quivering earthquake of horse flesh beneath him. Twenty seconds and the cowboy has either

their spirit. They ride with that same reckless abandon, that same daring, that same determination as their cowboy brothers. Through the high wild leaps, weaves and bounds of the bucking horse they swing their hats and fan him as they yell their clan's rallying cry of "Let 'er buck," dig their spurs into his flanks for the pleasure it gives them and the effect it produces.

**Cowgirl's Relay Race.** The cowgirl's relay is the aria of the grand opera of the west. Four changes in a two-mile daily contest, at top speed they break into the waiting string and four times they make this change, four times the spectators rise to their feet in tense expectancy and four times they make that dangerous mount and are safely round the track. In the whole world there is nothing like it, nothing to equal it and nothing that will fill you with greater admiration for the pluck, energy, ability and endurance of the girls whose mothers sang their lullabies in the cow camps, the cabins, the chuck wagons and 'round the trail campfires than the cowgirl's relay race at the Round-Up.

The cowboy's relay race, the cowgirl's pony race, the cowboy's pony

of the racing steer, anticipating his movement until the loop leaps out from the cowboy's hand and gliding swiftly and surely through the air settles over the horns of the spider-ied. Then the cow-pony swerves to one side, passes the steer as the hono slips and with a mighty lunge turns the steer over, or "busts" him.

No sooner has the rope tightened in the "bust" than the cowboy is out of the saddle running towards the thrown steer, leaving the cow-pony to hold the ropetaut and see to it that the steer does not get up while the roper hog-ties him.

While the time limit is two minutes, this feat is performed in from 20 to 29 seconds.

**Wild Steer Bull-Dogger.**

With his helper to flush the steer and keep it running at top speed, the cowboy doing the bulldogging rides alongside, leans over in the saddle, takes the steer's horns with both hands, kicks his feet from the stirrups and drops to the ground. This must be done while both steer and bulldogger are going at the highest possible speed. The steer must be brought to a full stop and thrown. A keen, exciting, thrilling, spectacular contest of strength between cowboy and wild steer.

The maverick race starts when the steer is rushed from the corral in a wild stampede, with wide swirling, swinging ropes, the cavalcade of mounted cowboys breaks over the rope, yelling and fighting for an opportunity to swing the oop for the first man to get his rope over the long horns of the spider-leg and hold him is the winner. With the roar of a cyclone they dash past the grandstand in a cloud of whirling ropes and the 20,000 spectators rise to their feet as the ropes fall and the steer is mixed indistinguishably in the plunging, yelling, jam of mounted horsemen.

**The Indian Round-Up.**

Primarily among the famed attractions of the Round-Up are the Indians decked in their war-paint and head dress, the bucks' nude, painted bodies glistening in the sunlight with every color of the rainbow; the squaws with their colored dresses and blankets, weaving, swaying, chanting with that stolid expression of their people, they pass before the grandstand, looking straight ahead in silent communication with the great stillness. Umattilas, Walla Walla, Cayuse, Yakimas, Nez Percés, Plutes, Columbia River and Warm Springs tribes all gather in from the adjoining reservations and erect their teepee city on the other side of the arena from the

grandstand for the three days Round-Up.

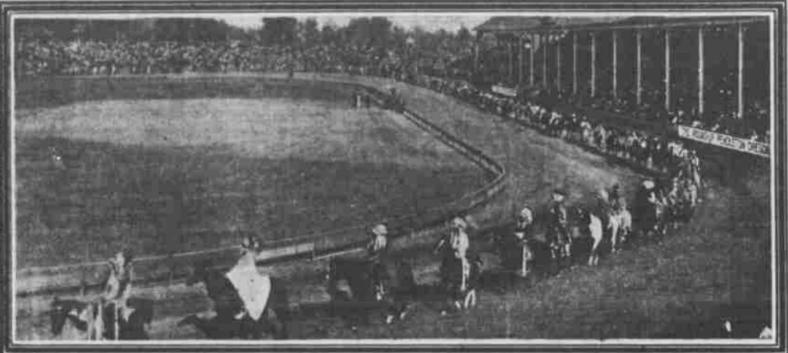
That the squaws can ride is demonstrated in the squaw race, and the young bucks in the relay race give exhibitions of marvelous skill and ability and daring, each and all riding bareback, changing their mounts with a kaleidoscopic swiftness, dash and mingling of colors.

Stars—the tragedians and prima donnas of cowboy and cowgirl land—compete in beautiful and expert contests of trick and fancy roping and riding exclusively at the Round-Up. They are the best, the most proficient

finished products of rangeland. Their feats are marvelous and fill the spectator with admiration and wonder.

And when all has been said there remains the wild horse race, the last word in thrill-producers, the comedy of comedies, the climax of climaxes. Closing the exhibition each day 29 wild, unsaddled, unbroken, unaltered range outlaws are "busted" in a bunch in front of the grandstand. Here in this bedlam of wild horses the buckaroo must, at the word "go," saddle his horse and ride once around the quarter-mile track. Twenty

horses bucking at one and the same time, 29 riders skyrocketing through the air; bucking horses everywhere and not a single one going the way he should go or doing what his rider wants him to do—Cowboys scattered all over the field, pandemonium of mirth and enthusiasm raging in the grandstand and bleachers and the day's performance is brought to a close that leaves the spectator sitting in his seat motionless, tingling with the sensation of a new emotion, fully realizing that he has indeed, witnessed the epic drama of the west.



moreth rilling and spectacular climax, than the riding of outlaws by cowboys. Each symbolic of the wild, free west, strong in untied strength, proud in unbroken spirit, their battle for supremacy makes the most stupendous heart leap and riot.

No turkey-walking, sheep-walking, goat-jumping, straight-away pitching, rocking or bucking for the outlaw. He is the wild crescendo, the storm, the thunder, the stampede, the force

won a world's championship, kissed the oft-kissed dust of the arena or choked the horn, which is the "S. O. S." of the riding code.

**Cowgirl Bucking Contest.**

Here the cowgirls ride for the supremacy of their sex, drawing their mounts from the bucking list and riding slick, straight-up, scratching and fanning to a yelling, deafening championship finish. No horse dampens their ardor and no horse conquers

race, the pony express, the standing race and all the races are one wild dash, one yelling, whooping, devil-daring thrill and always and everywhere the unexpected climax.

**Roping the Long Horns.**

Shot from the corral gate the Texas long-horn dashes across the arena horse and roper 60 feet back. With almost human intelligence the trained cowpony, without word or touch from his rider, follows every twist and turn



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